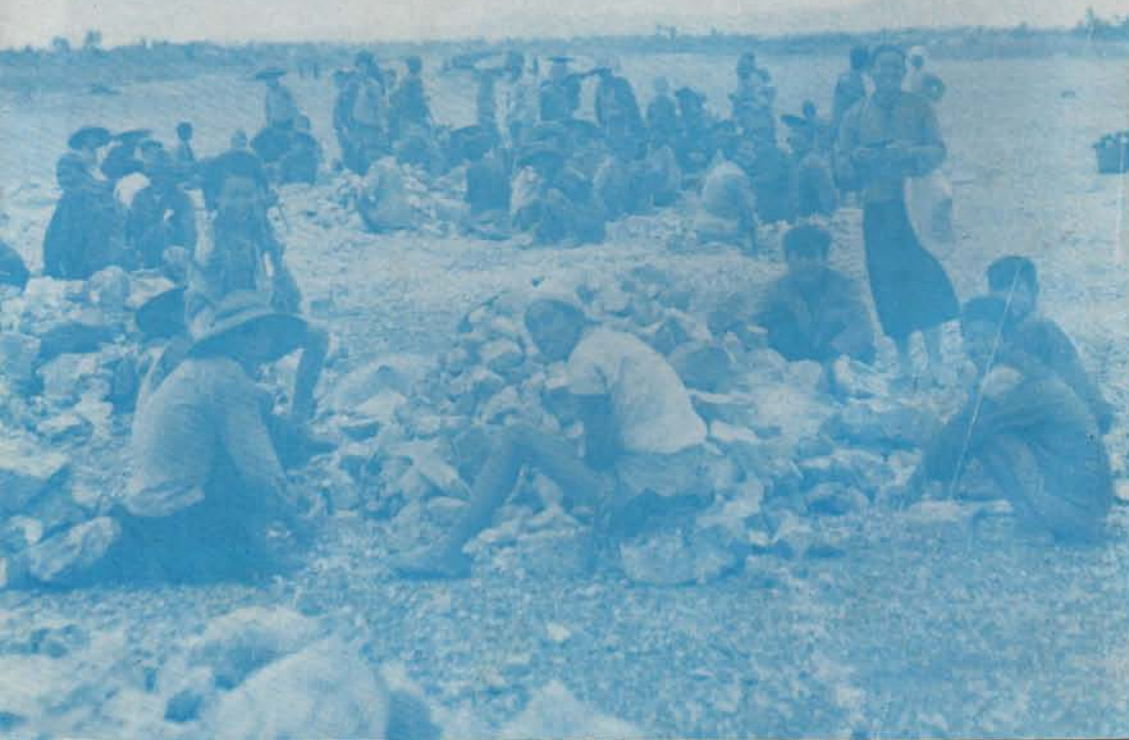




Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

January, 1972





CHINESE and American troops line up to greet first convoy over the Ledo Road, after its opening in February, 1945. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.



SPEAKING at opening of the Ledo Road in February, 1945, Lt. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, left, the man who supervised the building of the road, addresses some of his remarks to other American and Chinese leaders. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **This month's cover**, a U.S. Air Force photo, shows coolies working hour after hour at a stone crushing project on an American air base in China. They seldom even glance up as planes land and take off constantly.

● **Once again**, as this is written, there is war in CBI-land. Reports from the front name places that are familiar to those of us who were in that part of the world more than a quarter of a century ago. Faces and uniforms are different, of course; this scrap is between two nations that didn't even exist when we were there.

● **News reports** say the Indian government closed the Taj Mahal and camouflaged it to prevent Pakistani pilots from using its shiny marble surface to guide night raids on a nearby air base. Workmen covered the Taj with thick jute tapestry so it would not reflect moonlight during the India-Pakistan war. There were fears, however, that it might accidentally be bombed by pilots seeking to hit the air base.

● **Since** it was completed in 1653, the Associated Press reports, the Taj Mahal had never been covered. We recall that it was covered with scaffolding during World War II, for some purpose, but perhaps the AP didn't consider that as a complete covering.

● **The life** of a maharajah is no longer what it was in the "good old days" of British rule. Despite the war, both houses of the Indian Parliament have given legislative approval to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's bill stripping the maharajahs of their annual pensions and such princely privileges as tax exemptions on their properties, duty-free imports and free utilities. In fact, a maharajah will no longer be called "his highness" but will be addressed as plain "mister."

● **Things** are happening in China, too. We'll be hearing more about it when President Nixon pays his famous visit . . . soon.

JANUARY, 1972



Dallas Reunion

● The 1971 national reunion at Dallas was one of the finest ever. Hats off to the Sahibs and Memsahibs of the Dallas Basha for a lot of friendly hospitality.

RICHARD H. POPPE,
Loveland, Ohio

Abbott R. Campbell

● Abbott R. Campbell, 66, of Cranford, N.J., died Nov. 29, 1971, after a long illness. During World War II he was a member of the 125th AAC, Gaya, India, and he was one of the organizers of the Gaya reunion. He was a member of the CBI Veterans Association. In 1970 he retired after more than 40 years service as a tank wagon salesman at Esso's Bayway Refinery, Linden. His wife, Arlene Creitz Campbell survives.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Ross K. Miller, Roselle, N.J.)



HINDU temple in Calcutta, India. Photo from Paul Tix.

Dallas Reunion

● The Dallas Basha has received many wonderful letters from those who attended the National CBIVA Reunion in Dallas this past year. This is quite rewarding and we are quite humble as a result. Alida and I thank all of those great people who worked unselfishly in this effort and especially those who were fortunate to attend.

SID RAPPAPORT,
Dallas, Tex.

The Walkout

● Just a line to say I enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup very much. Also, I very highly recommend reading of the book, "Walkout," as it is a very accurate diary of events of those trying days. General Dorn encoded all radio messages that I sent out before we destroyed our radio gear and walked out—to India. I didn't know at the time that the Japs were so close—we were some of the lucky ones.

W. D. CHAMBERS,
Bonham, Texas

Gaya Reunion

● The fourth Gaya reunion is being planned for Saturday, June 24, at Mountain-side Inn, N.J.

ROSS K. MILLER,
8 Lockwood Drive,
Roselle, N.J.

Kidney Transplant

● Charles A. Roberts of Omaha, Neb., a CBI veteran I first met in Burma where he served with an engineer company, recently had a kidney transplant operation in the VA Hospital, Denver, Colo. Roberts, who had been waiting several weeks for a donor, was called from the stadium at Lincoln where he was watching the Nebraska-Iowa State football game, to be notified that a donor had been found. He caught a plane to Denver in time for surgery that evening. Before the operation he was receiving dialysis treatments three times a week in Omaha. Charley and I

have had many good times together reliving our "battle with the leeches" in India and Burma. I am sure he would enjoy a note from any Sahibs or Memsahibs who knew him. His address is 2420 South 105th St., Omaha, Nebr. 68124.

LESTER CHRISTIANSEN,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Stilwell Honored

● The government of Thailand has awarded that country's highest decoration for a foreigner, the Most Noble Order of the Crown of Thailand, Knight of the Grand Cross, First Class, to Lt. Gen. Richard G. Stilwell. The son of the World War II military leader, Gen. Joseph "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, received the decoration in Washington from Ambassa-

dor Sunthorn Hongladarom. Stilwell set up joint U.S.-Thai defenses against Communist troops as Deputy Army Chief of Staff for Military Operations. He also formerly commanded the U.S. Military Assistance Command in Thailand.

(From a newspaper clipping sent in by E. J. Bernard, Rochester, N.Y.)

25th Medical Depot

● Was stationed in Burma with the 25th Medical Depot 1944-45 in charge of medical supplies, in the supply room where we crated and packed medical supplies which were air-dropped to the combat troops. For this work our outfit received a unit citation.

ELIJAH HENNIG,
North Bergen, N.J.



HUGE birthday cake in Taipei is viewed with interest by passersby, on the occasion of President Chiang Kai-shek's 85th birthday anniversary on October 31, 1971. Photo from Dottie Yuen Leuba.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



PAGODA on hilltop is viewed from mouth of one of the caves of Yen-an. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Dr. B. F. Mowery

● Dr. B. F. Mowery of Auburn, Nebr., who served with the 19th Veterinary Evacuation Hospital in CBI during World War II, died of a massive heart attack on May 29, 1971, at the age of 54 after he had first had an attack on May 24. There had been no previous indication he had a heart problem.

(From information provided by Samuel Leo Meranda, Ralston, Nebr.)

Amos T. Smith

● Amos Tuttle "Tut" Smith, 55, a department store manager in St. Petersburg, Fla., died Nov. 16. During World War II he was an Air Force captain in the China-Burma-India Theater. Seems ironic, of the four officers of Tut's crew, only one survives: Murray Taylor of the Dallas Basha. The three died of cancer of the stomach, according to Tut's widow. All of the enlisted men of the crew survive.

CHUCK MITCHELL,
Treasure Island, Fla.

Too Many Deaths

● Enjoy reading Ex-CBI Roundup, but I am reading about a lot of the old CBI-

ers passing on. Probably that is the reason I heard from less than a dozen, from a notice in the VFW Magazine about the reunion of Co. C, 330th Engineers (GS). After all, it has been nearly 30 years since CBI.

JOHN K. CULVER,
Cuero, Texas

India and China

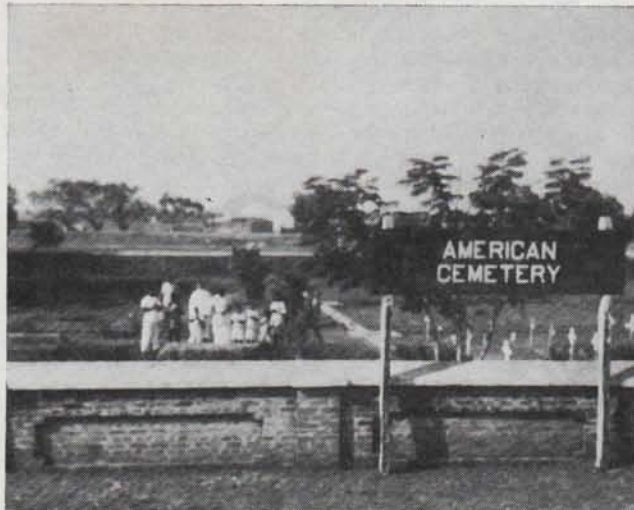
● Was in the CBI Theater during 1943 and 1944, in Calcutta, and then in China when the war ended in 1945. I now work for W. R. Grace & Co. at a vermiculite mine; they process insulation (loose fill) for houses, etc.

REX E. SMITH,
Libby, Mont.

Ben H. Wooten

● Ben H. Wooten, 76, who was presented the Americanism Award of the CBI Veterans Association at the Dallas reunion in August for his part in forming the United Service Organization (USO), died November 22 in Baylor Hospital. Born on a small East Texas farm, he achieved success as a banker and civic leader in Dallas. He was chairman of the board of the Dallas Federal Savings and Loan Association, and had served as board chairman of the First National Bank in Dallas until 1963. He was a veteran of World War I.

(From clippings submitted by Frank P. Branger and Edward T. Mai, both of Dallas.)



ORPHANS visit the grave of Father Creane, S.J., in American cemetery at Gaya, India. Father Creane, who spent 36 years in India, served in 1943 and 1944 as acting chaplain at Gaya, APO 630. Photo from Warren Tucker.

General Stilwell's War With the Medics

Barbara Tuchman's best-selling book about General Joseph Stilwell has had many favorable reviews, some of which were reprinted several months ago in *EX-CBI Roundup*. One man who disagreed was Dr. William H. Crosby, and he expressed his views in an article which appeared in the September issue of the magazine, *MEDICAL OPINION*. The article is reprinted here with permission of the author and *MEDICAL OPINION*. Photos are from the Office of the Surgeon General.

By WILLIAM H. CROSBY, M.D.

In the past year, two books have been published describing the U.S. Army's participation in the Burma Campaign during World War II. One author reports that General Joseph ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, in the words of one admirer, "thought more of his men than any commanding general I have ever known." The other author demonstrates that Stilwell was fiercely hated, that he neglected his troops, ordered sick men off their stretchers and back into combat, made impossible demands upon his men, and cursed them when they collapsed.

The first of these books, "Stilwell and the American Experience in China" by Barbara Tuchman, is a fulsome exculpation of the General's career; were it not for its scholarly gloss, it would qualify as a "family" biography. The other book, "Crisis Fleeting," is a compilation of original reports written during the campaign depicting the problems of medical support, and the ways these problems were compounded

by the commanding general. Edited and annotated by James H. Stone, a medical historian assigned to the U.S. Army in Burma during the war, it was published by the Office of the Surgeon General.

"G is just shot," Stilwell jotted into his pocket diary on 30 May 1944. This cryptic note meant that GALAHAD, code name for Merrill's Marauders—the only American troops Stilwell commanded in battle—had been completely destroyed.

Two weeks earlier, after a desperate march through mountainous jungle, the regiment had set the capstone to Stilwell's career by capturing without a fight the airstrip at the town of Myitkyina. Surprised by the easy victory, he was unable to exploit it and capture the town itself. The Japanese reacted swiftly, pouring in troops to reinforce the small garrison and counterattacking before Stilwell recovered from the shock of his good fortune.

A potentially rapid end to the spring campaign now stretched into a long, filthy struggle through the monsoon season. Stilwell strove to place the blame on others for this default. General Slim, the British commander of the 14th Army, who claimed the distinction of actually liking Stilwell, was sent by Mountbatten to calm the old man's fury. Slim later wrote:

"The long drawn-out siege of Myitkyina was a great disappointment to Stilwell. He was extremely caustic about his unfortunate American commanders, accusing them of not fight-

William H. Crosby, M.D. (U. of Pennsylvania) served 25 years in the U.S. Army Medical Corps, retiring in 1965 with the rank of Colonel. Presently he is Chief of Hermatology at the New England Medical Center (Boston) and Professor of Medicine at Tufts University School of Medicine.





BURMA, 1944. Litter bearers bring in wounded from the front . . .



. . . lay them beside the road to await ambulances.

JANUARY, 1972

ing and of killing the same Japanese over and over again in their reports. He was equally bitter about the Chindits (British troops), complaining that they did not obey his orders. . . ."

It was at this time that a scandalous situation developed between Stilwell and his medical support. The basic problem actually began long before. From the start, the Marauders were the victims of incredibly indifferent and shoddy planning, incredible deficiencies in sanitation and engineering, and incredible training programs. And, ultimately, they became the victims of insatiable military demands.

GALAHAD was destroyed by disease, and by official indifference and ineptitude.

Stilwell was commander of all U.S. Army forces in the China-Burma-India theater (CBI). He was Lord Mountbatten's deputy commander in the BI theater, and as Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff commanded several Chinese divisions. For some time he had protested to Washington that he had no American combat troops in his command. At last, late in 1943 a small force was put at his disposal.

It was a volunteer outfit, veterans of combat in the Southwest Pacific and garrison duty in Trinidad, who had signed on with the understanding that their tour of duty in Burma would involve one quick dirty campaign, whereupon they would be sent home. There were many good soldiers, but many were sick, unstable, and undisciplined. One of the battalion surgeons wrote:

"There were literally dozens of marked pes planus cases, and many with bone deformities ranging from ankylosis of elbow and shoulder joints to herniated intervertebral discs, and incapacitating limitation of movement due to residual deformities from automobile and other accidents. Several were found to be totally blind in one eye, and of low visual acuity in the other. Some had perforated ear drums, others were partially or totally deaf due to neural pathology. At least a dozen draining pilonidal cysts were found, and many severe hemorrhoid cases."

These men landed in Bombay on 29 October 1943. Although Stilwell knew they were coming, no preparations had been made for their reception. They

were shunted from filthy staging camp to equally filthy training camp, without latrines or adequate mess facilities.

"Food and sanitation (in the camp) were deplorable," another battalion surgeon commented. "The food in most instances actually was nauseating in preparation and appearance. Hair as well as maggots was in the meat, the vegetables were rotten. The native Indians who prepared the food were filthy in person and habits."

Slow Starvation

He observed ironically, "Nothing could be gained by training to go without food and thus face our Burma campaign poorly fed and ultimately malnourished."

The men were to go through the campaign poorly fed and ultimately malnourished. The field (K) rations might have been adequate in a temperate climate, but under jungle conditions the men slowly starved. "Pleas for at least a cupful of rice per man in the food drops were summarily rejected."

Sickness and lack of discipline took a heavy toll as soon as they entered the Burma jungle. Neglecting to chlorinate their water and take their atabrine, in alarming numbers they fell victim to dysentery and malaria. The malarial rate soon exceeded 4,000 cases per 1,000 men per year.

They Looked Tough

Stilwell was not alarmed. Seeing his men for the first time as they completed a 10-day march from Ledo, he confided to his diary: "A tough-looking lot of babies." He did not speak to them before committing them to combat—a slight that was duly noted. But he did brace the officers for evacuating men who were not seriously sick.

"He directed the regimental surgeon to straighten out some of the younger, inexperienced medics on how to handle minor sickness without sending every man with a case of diarrhea or a headache to the hospital," the Regimental War Diary notes.

After this three-star chewing-out, the regimental surgeon tightened the evacuation policy. One of the younger medical officers declared: "I know of three line officers who were seriously ill for one or two weeks before he finally agreed to evacuate them, as well as many enlisted men with similar com-



They are treated in outdoor aid stations . . .



. . . and surgical shelters made of bamboo, burlap and parachutes.

JANUARY, 1972

plaints. Two of the officers had epidemic hepatitis, and one had severe bloody diarrhea. They only suffered and dragged along with the column."

The stage was being set for the debacle to come.

On 24 February the Marauders started their first sweep southward. During the next two weeks they fought 13 actions with the Japanese, and on schedule captured Shaduzup. On 13 March Stilwell wrote in his diary: "Looks like Shaduzup for the rainy season anchorage."

But the Marauders went on to take Inkangawan, after escaping from a disastrous siege at Nhpunga—an action that brought them to the edge of ruin from infection, malnutrition, and fatigue.

At this point the Marauders were spent. They expected—indeed, they had been told—that they would go into monsoon quarters to recuperate for the season. But Stilwell, without inspecting his troops, had changed his mind. He would go on to Myitkyina. From this point he was improvising; he had not planned so extended a campaign. Indeed, he did not even inform Mountbatten's headquarters of his intentions. Thus it was that Mountbatten, even if he wanted to, could not provide reinforcements.

Somehow the Marauders summoned the stamina to march 90 miles more through the jungle, and on 16 May they took the Myitkyina airstrip. Four hours later the first Allied transport planes landed. Instead of badly-needed reinforcements and food, the planes carried anti-aircraft. They also brought the jubilant Stilwell, and 12 reporters.

Lost Opportunity

Asked about taking the village of Myitkyina, garrisoned by only 700 Japanese, Stilwell only grunted. And while he hesitated, the opportunity disappeared. The Japanese reinforced the garrison, and then attacked.

"The opportunity to take Myitkyina at low cost and achieve a brilliant success, which Hunter (the Marauder's commander) believed could, with adequate planning and support, have been done in the first two days, had been lost," a Marauder officer wrote. "To those on the spot it was obvious, from the fumbling orders and incompetent direction, that adequate plans had not been prepared. . . that the command

had been thrown off balance by the ease with which the strip was taken, and had no strategy with which to follow up that initial success."

The Marauders dug in and held. Their condition, according to Capt. Henry Stelling, a battalion surgeon, was pitiful. In a period of four months they had completed a march of over 700 miles with full and often overloaded packs, on an inadequate diet, over one of the highest ranges of mountains and through some of the most treacherous enemy-invaded jungles in the world. Never before had the syndrome of severe exhaustion been so manifest on so large a scale, Stelling declared.

"By the third month of combat, evidence of marked adrenal insufficiency began to be noticed in the men. Blacking out and dizziness were common, in spite of adequate salt and vitamin intake . . . Lack of muscle tone accentuated diarrheas already present in over 90 per cent of the men. Anorexia and gastritis, accompanied by nausea and vomiting, were common. Mental and physical lastitude increased. Weight loss averaged 20 lbs. per man, in many cases reached as much as 50 lbs. . . .

"They were so exhausted that they were literally on their last days. All alertness and will to fight, or even to move, left them. When ordered to dig in, many fell from exhaustion and went to sleep by partially dug foxholes. Others fell without attempting to dig. One man was killed and seven wounded by enemy fire; the wounded who could still move looked dazed, made little effort to take cover. The medical men were too exhausted to care for the wounded, and considerable time passed before the wounded could be finally evacuated."

Stilwell decreed that, ill as they were, the men must stand and fight. Orders were sent to medical installations to stretch every point to return patients to duty. The rule of thumb was that a soldier had to run a fever in excess of 102 degrees for three successive days before he could go before a committee of medical officers who would decide whether he should be hospitalized.

Hospital Deadline

"This policy meant that men with malaria and a variety of other diseases



After treatment in the surgical shelters . . .



. . . they are evacuated by oxcart and jeep converted into a field ambulance.

JANUARY, 1972

would be held for at least 72 hours in the hope that treatment would beat down their symptoms," as historian Stone wrote. "In practice, the battalion surgeons doubtless tried to hasten the evacuation of men who obviously would not respond to medication in the prescribed time. To hold men with scrub typhus, for example, reduced their chances of survival."

Despite these stringent restrictions the sick continued to be evacuated at the rate of 75-100 per day. Adding insult to injury, they were accused of malingering and the doctors were accused of coddling them. Line officers invaded the aid stations, tore evacuation tags off sick men, and ordered them back to their units. The following incident, involving one of Stilwell's officers, was told to me by a medical officer:

"He came to my aid station. A private with scrub typhus and a fever of 104 degrees was lying on a litter. He kicked him off the litter and yelled, 'Get that goldbrick out of here!' This was too much for me, I hit him in the face and knocked him unconscious. I poured a bucket of water on him and he got up, shaking himself like a wet cat. 'I'll court-martial you for this,' he yelled. I said to him, 'General, I'll take that court-martial in front of the U.S. Congress.'"

"He turned to some soldiers standing there and ordered: 'Arrest that man!' Do you know what those soldiers did? They put their rifles on him and threw him out of the aid station."

Stone, in "Crisis Fleeting," comments: "The testimony of medical officers cannot be refuted with regard to the intervention of line officers in the evacuation process."

Even those sick marauders who managed to get to the rear area hospitals and convalescent camps were rounded up and sent back to the front. Col. I. S. Ravdin, who commanded the 20th general hospital at Ledo, refused to release sick patients and was ordered to Myitkyina. He went, expecting to be tried for disobeying a direct order. Instead, Stilwell blamed the order on someone else, declared the hospital off limits to his raiders, and gave Ravdin air conditions for his wards. Ravdin had faced him down.

It was still open season in the aid stations, however. Eventually the inter-

vention of line officers and their interference with the medics reached the proportions of a scandal. After a personal investigation the theater surgeon, Col. George E. Armstrong, asked for an appointment to discuss the matter. Stilwell declined to see him. And shortly afterward, the theater surgeon was barred from the Myitkyina area.

Riddled with malaria, scrub typhus, dysentery, and malnutrition, demoralized by fatigue and by Stilwell's blindness to their plight, the regiment fell apart.

"The attitude of the average enlisted man is that many promises have been made, and few have been kept," Capt. James E. Hopkins, a battalion surgeon, wrote. "They feel that their country has let them down. They have been in the Army long enough to know that psychologically and medically they have gotten what they call a raw deal. About 75 per cent of these men should have been evacuated from Burma before the Myitkyina campaign. Many were mentally and physically ill after two and three campaigns and two years of field duty in the tropics and subtropics. Their morale is low, they have lost all confidence in the CBI theater leaders. It is not helped by seeing their buddies, sent out as patients, quickly returned to the same area, many of them still affected by the disease with which they were evacuated."

Stilwell's line officers and medical officers knew what was expected of them; frequently they reported men fit when, in truth, they were deathly sick. They accused officers and men who collapsed of malingering, ordered them back into combat. These abominations against medical care of American soldiers were ordered by Stilwell, or were known to him and carried out in his name.

Doctors Dilemma

A handful of officers spoke up against abuses. Drs. Hopkins, Stelling and Kolodney wrote extensive reports about the deficiencies in sanitation and medical support. Sent through military channels, these reports were not released by Stilwell's headquarters; instead, the names of these medical officers were submitted for reassignment.

Col. Charles N. Hunter, who took command of the Marauders when Gen.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Merrill suffered a heart attack, wrote a detailed account of the abuses his men had suffered and personally handed it to Stilwell. The day after the capture of Myitkyina village, Hunter was abruptly relieved of his command, over Merrill's protest and shipped back to the U.S. by slow boat.

By that time the terms "sick" and "well" had become meaningless, so far as the Marauders were concerned. There were about 2,400 of them when they set out for Myitkyina, in the fourth month of the campaign. Some 1,300 reached the airstrip, and they were in action 12 days. Though suffering only 93 battle deaths, by the end of May they had ceased to exist as a fighting force. According to the official casualty record, there were 1,970 disease casualties from malaria and other fevers, from amebic dysentery, scrub typhus, and psychoneurosis.

Through the campaign, Stilwell seemed curiously indifferent to the suffering of troops under his command. Charlton Ogburn, Jr., author of

"The Marauders," who fought in this campaign, considered the General "bloodless and utterly cold-hearted, without a drop of human kindness." He repeatedly demonstrated lack of compassion by failing to see that his men were starving, refusing to authorize recommended decorations for heroism and promotions for outstanding leadership, ordering the sick back to duty and refusing to permit evacuation of those too ill to walk, and finally by reviling the very men who at such sacrifice had presented him with an undeserved victory at Myitkyina.

Missed Opportunity

If Stilwell did not regard his troops as human, they heartily returned his compliment. On one of his visits to Myitkyina, he stepped away from his coterie of officers and newsmen to urinate. An enlisted man later said regretfully: "I had him in my rifle sights, I coulda squeezed one off and no one woulda known it wasn't a Jap got the SOB!"

Mrs. Tuchman's 600-page biography



At airstrip, planes are waiting to fly them to rear area hospitals.

is a strangely unbalanced book. We learn the names of the books that Cadet Stilwell signed out of the West Point library, the contents of scraps of paper he scribbled on and squirreled away. But only a dozen lines are given to the scandal of the Marauders. All but ignoring the soldiers' agony, the author is filled with sadness for Stilwell, that such a tragedy should befall him. And finally, in rebuttal of charges that he lacked concern for his troops, she offers this accolade:

"In 'Yank,' the soldier's newspaper, he appeared within four months of GALAHAD's agony as 'The GI's Favorite' who canceled the rule against pets

for GIs in his theater, banned the 'officers only' sign from restaurants and cafes, forbade officers to date enlisted WAC's, in order to give the GIs a chance. His record is too plain to make him out a Patton."

A physician veteran of the Burma campaign not interviewed by Mrs. Tuchman provides a contrary opinion. "Stilwell," he told me, "didn't give two s--- for the men under him."

Perhaps this professor of medicine, now a specialist in kidney diseases, was speaking outside his area of competence. I wonder about Mrs. Tuchman. □

White Tigers Stalk Northern India Forests

Rare white tigers stalk northern India's Rewa forests like ghosts.

In the past century they have been seen only a few times in the wild. Hunters' diaries have recorded nine in the last 59 years.

Of the 36 white tigers in captivity, most remain in India. England's Bristol Zoo has nine; a female is owned by the Crandon Park Zoo in Miami; and three roam the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C.

Scientists recognize only one tiger species, *Panthera tigris*, although color and size vary from region to region in its native Asia. India's Rewati Bengal strain normally wears an orange coat.

But in 1951 a white tiger mutant Bengal cub, lacking normal pigmentation in his hair, skin, and eyes was captured in the northern part of the country by the Maharaja of Rewa.

The little animal was released into the harem courtyard of the maharaja's elaborate pink palace at Govindgarh. The cub was named Mohan, and later a normal-color female was captured in the wild to be his mate.

They produced three litters, but all the young were a normal orange. In 1958 Mohan was mated to one of his daughters, and the first litter of white cubs was born, one male and three females.

All of the white tigers in captivity descend from Mohan who died of old age in December 1969.

Four of his descendents still roam

the harem quarters. There, in pampered luxury, they sleep by day in rooms where veiled beauties once lounged. At night they prowl elegant arcades and courtyards.

The Delhi Zoo, some 40 miles away, has become the most important breeding center in the country. Today, 13 white tigers provide it with the largest collection in the world.

Zoo officials have discovered that white and normal-colored tigers act alike, but even at birth the light-colored cubs are heavier and longer. A fullgrown white tiger can measure 8½ feet from nose to black-striped tail and weigh 400 to 500 pounds.

Because of their size, the big, blue-eyed cats require more food. At Delhi Zoo each animal eats about 24 pounds of meat a day.

The surroundings stimulate the appetite. The zoo, housed in a two-thousand-year-old fort, once served as living quarters for kings and emperors. □

Be Sure to Notify

Roundup

When You Change

Your Address.

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—Experiments conducted at the Cancer Research Institute in Bombay have proved that the venom of cobras can be effectively used to cure certain types of cancer. Scientists in the institute have succeeded in isolating a non-toxic protein from cobra venom which they believe will be helpful in the fight against this deadly disease.

HAZARIBAGH—The Forest Department has warned against the shooting of a white tigress which, along with her two cubs, is appearing daily in the inhabited areas of Silwar Hill. The department also has posted guards to save the life of the tigress, which is reportedly not disturbing pedestrians on the Hazaribagh-Bagodar road. Sometimes the tigress has been found squatting by the side of a nearby tea-shop unnoticed by the customers.

DUM DUM—A "walkway gallery," built at the new international terminal building at Calcutta Airport at a cost of about Rs 16 lakhs, has been formally opened. Passengers of the Thai International and Air India immediately started using the gallery.

LUCKNOW—A copper plate record of King Surpaia I of the Pala Dynasty has been found in a village in Mirzapur district of U.P. A preliminary study of the inscriptions on the plate has revealed a record of donation of some villages in Srinagar Bhukti, near Patna, to Saivacharyas of Banaras by the King at the behest of the Chief Queen Mahadevi while he was camping at a place near Monghyr.

NEW DELHI—Calcutta continues to be the most populous city in India with an estimated population of 7,040,345, reports UNI. The State has a total population of 44,440,095 and the country 439,072,582. This was revealed in the provisional population figures announced here by the Census Commission. Unlike the last census when only the municipal corporation areas of the city were included, the 1971 census figures also include urban areas around

the metropolitan city. They are bracketed as "urban agglomeration" of the metropolis.

CALCUTTA—A large number of jute growers in East Bengal have switched to paddy cultivation to help ease the scarcity of food. The action also served to deny Pakistan its most important source of foreign exchange.

JAMSHEDPUR—Juri, a small sleepy village with about 1,500 people, about 16 miles away from Jamshedpur on the Tatanagar-Jaduguda road, has been formally adopted by the Jamshedpur Lions Club for comprehensive social work. Mr. R. S. Pande, director of Tata Steel and founder-president of the Jamshedpur Lions Club, assured villagers that if they needed any help, it would surely be forthcoming from the Lions Club and other organizations including Tata Steel.

NEW DELHI—The Central Government has accepted a long-term plan to generate 2,700 megawatts of nuclear power by 1980. This forms part of the specific programmes for developing atomic energy and space research evolved by the Atomic Energy Commission.

NEW DELHI—The rate of literacy in the country has gone up from 24.03 per cent in 1961 to 29.35 per cent in 1971, according to provisional census figures. Thus more than 70 per cent of the people still remain illiterate.

NEW DELHI—A 30 per cent Customs duty imposed on imported agricultural tractors and a proportionately lesser excise duty of 10 per cent on indigenous tractors has been "enthusiastically welcomed" by private manufacturers in India.

CHANDIGARH—The wheat breeders of Punjab Agricultural University in Ludhiana claim to have evolved a new "revolutionary wheat" species far superior to the renowned Kalyan Sona variety. The new variety—WL 212—on an average has 20 per cent higher yield than Kalyan Sona, though it may fare even better in "certain special" conditions. With an eye on foreign exchange, the experts also claim to have produced a new ground-nut variety—M-13—which could suit the foreign market. The new species has extra large kernel, and could compete with such items as almonds.

He Prepared Surrender Treaty

By PETER TUGMAN

The Sunday Oregonian, Portland, Ore.

It was Aug. 25, 1945 and Emperor Hirohito signaled defeat for the Japanese Empire, as her people reeled under the first atomic attacks in history.

That evening, as dusk closed around American Army Headquarters in Kunming, China, Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer called in a young Army major from Warrenton, Ore., and peremptorily ordered him to prepare a treaty of surrender for 3.5 million Japanese soldiers under arms in China.

The major, Willis West, might have reflected that no course was offered in the University of Oregon Law which might have prepared him for writing treaties.

He might have reflected on the curious turn of events which had snatched him from a prosperous law practice in Portland, landed him on KP at Camp Roberts, Calif., and then deposited him with major's oak leaves, half way round the world in Kunming, China.

He might have reflected but he didn't.

"Gen. Wedemeyer was my boss," said West recently.

"He was a tough old Dutchman and a fine soldier. He didn't ask me if I could write a treaty, or I wanted to write one, he just said 'You will prepare a treaty. And have one copy on each of the signatories' desk by 1030 hours tomorrow.'"

Silver-haired, distinguished and 64 now, West has served for many years as Chief Civil Deputy for the District Attorney of Multnomah County.

Last week, as the Japanese surrender neared its 26th anniversary, West pondered the events that have made allies of our former enemies the Japanese, and alienated us from our former friends and staunch allies, the Chinese.

For West, alienation of the Chinese people is the supreme tragedy of our age.

"They were the best and most loyal friends we could ever have," West said recently. "We have been sold a 'Pearl Buck' impression of the Chin-

ese. It is entirely incorrect. It is not a country of extreme poverty. Poverty existed, when I was there, in pockets around the large cities.

"But there was prosperity too and a different way of life. The Chinese I knew were gay and courageous, friendly and loyal to a fault."

It was shortly after Pearl Harbor that West began the long journey which was to take him to an international conference table in Kunming.

He was to write the peace treaty for Japanese forces in China. He was to investigate, indict and try a number of Japanese war criminals. Indeed, he was to formulate the rules for trying Japanese war criminals in China and even to design the courtroom in which the trials were held.

West is a nephew of famed Oregon Governor Oswald West. At the time of Pearl Harbor he had served as District Attorney for Clatsop County, the youngest Oregon DA ever at that time. He had married and become the father of one child. He was a member of a prosperous Portland law firm, Clark and Clark.

He enlisted in the Army in February, 1942 with his brother, and asked for an overseas assignment with the Field Artillery.

But after basic training at Camp Roberts he was given a direct commission in the Judge Advocate General Corps and sent off to Command and General Staff School.

During these first few months in the Army he was to lose his wife in divorce, lose custody of his child and most of the material things he had accumulated during his young career.

After the marital breakup he put in again for overseas duty and was sent to Ramgarh, India, by way of Australia.

"One day I was called in and given a dream assignment," West remembers.

"My C.O. asked me if I wanted to be Judge Advocate General for all of China, which was being made a separate theater and split off from China and Burma.

"I would be advisor to Gen. Patrick

Hurley, then American ambassador to China, and directly answerable to Gen. Wedemeyer."

West packed his gear and that night boarded a plane and strapped on his oxygen mask. They flew through the frosty night over the Hump, over the Burma Road, and into Kunming, China.

It was an important assignment. The JAG had authority over all military supplies being shipped to China by the U.S.

"There were some squabbles between Americans and Chinese over jeeps and the like. We didn't lean on SOP (standard operating procedure), the assignment needed ingenuity and the practical approach.

"There were about 1,000 Americans in China. Our overall mission was to keep the Chinese Nationalist and the Chinese Communists in the war and fighting the Japanese."

During the early China days the American mission narrowed down to getting the Japanese bombers "off the Chinese people and rushing supplies to the Chinese."

West has fond memories of Gen. Claire Chennault during that time.

"He was doing a job. He was flying goods over the Hump to Kunming at all hours. That was the busiest airfield in the world."

The Allies were losing when West went to China, Stilwell had made his famous retreat into India from Burma and Japanese bombers were plastering Chinese towns and installations.

West remembers there was a Japanese combat flying school just south of Kunming. As a reward for graduation from the school, seniors were given a bombing run over Chennault's headquarters in Kunming.

"Then we began taking the offensive," West remembers. We were sending lights from Kunming south to bomb the shipping at Hong Kong.

"One day an American Hong Kong mission aborted because of weather and our fliers turned back. Over a lake south of Kunming, they met the Japanese seniors on their way to the traditional bombing of Claire Chennault.

"What a dogfight! For the first time the Chinese saw some of the U.S. might in action. Our flyers shot down every one of the Japanese fighter-bombers."

At this time the great tapestry of huge nations locked in mortal combat

unrolled before the Chinese peasant.

The air over Kunming was crowded with American supply planes. And the planes were returning over the Hump with raw Chinese peasants from the North.

"Then we began to see huge caravans of Chinese soldiers marching over the Burma Road from Ramgarh," West said. "They came by Kunming by the thousands, marching platoon by platoon.

"There would be about four rifles to each platoon. The men were supposed to pick up arms on the battlefield.

"They were so determined and so gay. Your heart went out to them."

But the marching columns of gay and determined soldiers were met by other columns returning from the battlefield.

"From the east we would see the sick and wounded dragging the crippled and exhausted back from the front."

The grand strategy of this time was to train, equip and field a huge force of Chinese soldiers from the camps of Ramgarh and launch them in full scale attack at the Japanese.

The tide had turned and Chiang Kai-shek campaigned among the Chinese peasants for their support and aiding downed American fliers.

"The loyalty and courage of these peasants was intensely moving and impressive," West remembers. "And Gen. Hurley, our ambassador, did a tremendous job of keeping the confidence of both the Chinese Communists and Nationalists. But he knew the real strength of China lay with the Nationalists."

It was at this time that Gen. Hurley attended his first meeting of allied representatives in Kunming. There were Australians and English, Dutch and Indians, Belgians and French ambassadors sitting as a sub-commission of the United Nations Commission on War Crimes.

Hurley attended one meeting of the UN subcommission and was disgusted.

He told West, "All they do down there is drink tea and shake hands. Go down there and shake them up."

West, then a captain, did just that. He organized a pool of typists in a basement room. He switched the record keeping from French to English. He ordered the collection of dossiers

of war criminals and drew up a standard for indictments and detention.

"After I sounded off and began to give orders everything hit the fan," West recalled. P.H. Chang, Chiang's chief emissary was in tears. He was chairman of the commission and he thought he had lost face.

"But we began to get indictments. We began to get results. Chiang was pleased and P.H. Chang recommended me for the Order of the Brilliant Star."

Then came Hiroshima. And Nagasaki. And the collapse of the Japanese war machine.

West to this day remembers the drafting of the treaty of surrender as nothing more complicated than "an agreement between four or five people."

He said the number one priority was the disarming of the Japanese foe. Then the orderly evacuation of the Japanese to Japan, the Americans to America.

"At first we pondered what to do with the Japanese, three and one half million of them," he said. Order them into camps? Order them to rebuild the Great Wall?

"We finally decided to order the stacking of all arms, and the retention of command by all Japanese officers. We left the minor details to the Chinese and we could sense from the start that they were going to work well with the Japanese. The Japanese cooperated in every respect.

"There were no riots. The stacked rifles disappeared into the Chinese countryside. But there were no attacks on the defeated Japanese. We had held the Japanese officers responsible and they retained control and discipline."

The treaty completed, West remembers "somebody from the embassy went out into the dead of night and got some red ribbon—red tape—he said we had to have it wrapped around each treaty copy."

The capture and trial of Japanese war criminals commenced, indictments had been prepared under West's direction. Each member Allied nation took responsibility for capture and detention of Japanese soldiers against whom the country had a grievance.

"I had the highest priority and communicated with other officials through 'Eyes Alone' code, a top secret radio band," West recalled.

The trials were moved to Shanghai and West had 35 lawyers working for him. He prepared the cases and directed the prosecution of some 40 to 50 alleged war criminals.

Of all the cases none was stranger than that of the Hankow murders.

Disturbing stories of the capture and torture, the execution of three American fliers had filtered back to Kunming.

The War Crimes Commission put out the word among Chinese nationals.

Suddenly a Chinese man appeared with three earthen urns, which he said contained the ashes and remains of three American fliers. Opened, the urns spilled out dust and teeth, dog tags and three brass uniform belt buckles.

West dispatched an order to the Japanese unit suspected of the atrocity. He asked the commanding officer for assignment of a Japanese officer to make an investigation, question suspects and have them sign statements.

"I have never seen any investigation prepared with such thoroughness or skill," West recalls.

"That Japanese officer had literally sealed the fate of those defendants."

To this day West sees nothing exceptional about the zeal with which the Japanese officer completed the investigation.

The case went to trial and the grisly story unfolded. The Americans were captured north of Kunming when their B-29 was shot down. The Japanese questioned the fliers at length then paraded them through the streets of Hankow.

The Japanese plan was to disguise a gang of Japanese soldiers in Chinese peasant garb, have them stone the captured fliers and try to spark a riot in which the Chinese would kill the Americans.

The ruse did not work. Not a Chinese threw a stone. The Americans were taken to a crematory, beaten to death and cremated.

The Chinese caretaker of the crematory recovered the remains and buried them in urns in his garden against the day when the Japanese would be defeated.

Eighteen Japanese were tried for the Hankow murders. One was acquitted,

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

five were hanged and the balance given prison sentences.

West remembers the war crimes trials with the conviction that the Japanese were "given every right and safeguard that defendants in an American trial are guaranteed.

"They had to be. The eyes of the world were on Shanghai. We tried some 35-40 as against the 21 at Nuremburg."

But the burning reminder of those days in China is the conviction, that

"We lost the best and most loyal friends this nation will ever have. The Chinese.

"I can't help but think that if we had supported Chiang when he needed it, we would never have had this rupture.

"There is nothing traditional about Chinese hate of America.

"They are by tradition America's staunchest friends." □

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

By HUGO R. SCHRAMM,
Emhurst, Ill.

Reader Samuel E. Burr reported in the November issue of Roundup the death of Col. Birch E. Bayh who had been Special Service Officer in the China Theater. Colonel Bayh was a most likeable man; gracious, friendly and ever helpful. He was a teacher in civilian life. The war cast him like many of us in a difficult military role.

He was not at all a "military man" in the usual sense. He made everyone feel at ease right away. His "glad to see you" handshake atmosphere made him a sought-out person. Even the austere and protocol conscious British brass whom he had to deal with often came away smiling after a conference with him.

I served under him as his clerk in Shanghai. Our office was in the Wheelock Building. This was kiddy corner from Billie's hamburger joint.

We respected Bayh and he was a steadying influence on our liberated spirits in Shanghai, the Paris of the East. Bayh didn't mind so much our occasional extended lunch hour at the Cathay Grill not far away, but he was a stickler for promptness and to get a job done. He would shake his finger and nod his head with the white hair. It seemed everyone would call

on him for more athletic equipment, more movies, more dances, more orchestral performances and more ball games in the canidrome and racecourse. That is where supplies were stored and a staff of four men plus locals kept busy handing out supplies.

Leisure time was ample in the waning days of the war. What was there to do all day long? The nightclubs in Frenchtown had to close sometime.

Colonel Bayh was an open, a friendly man who made many who knew him forget that China was the end of the line.

Before Bayh came to China it was Lt. Col. Burr who headed a fine special service operation in Chungking and Kunming. Of the little there was in China, he brought in movies, sporting equipment and reading material. This brightened many GI's days.

In Kunming we had a Captain Trotter in charge who was later on reassigned to India. The Special Services warehouse in Kunming was just behind Hostel 5 and adjacent to the motor pool. The warehouse was shared by the G-2 publications section and the Stock Record Unit which had been brought over from Ledo to count equipment and clothing in the many warehouse sheds in Assam and China. In the Kunming warehouse they found hundreds of mail sacks full of the familiar "Introduction to China" booklets which every arriving GI was handed at planeside. The bags had thousands of these booklets waiting to be distributed to GI's but who never came anymore. So we had plenty of these books but few magazines and newspapers. It was another case where faulty Hump supply made the task of an energetic special services section at best frustrating. They were ready to do a job, but you can't do business from an empty wagon. □

I Remember, I Remember

By JERRY KLINGINSMITH

I served in the CBI from November, 1944, to March, 1946, and would like to share a few recollections of those years with you.

I remember the troop train from Drew Field, Florida, to Camp Anza, California. Cold box lunches, the hot, humid nights trying to sleep sitting up, the boredom of the days watching the desolate wastelands of Arizona and New Mexico flit by the window, wondering where you were going and what the future held.

I remember the U.S.S. General Butler which was our home for 39 days while crossing the Pacific. The hot, stifling compartment crowded to capacity with sweaty men. The endless lines of men waiting for chow or waiting to get a drink of fresh water. The salt water showers which left you feeling as though your skin had been washed with lye water.

The "darken ship" routine and the "smoking lamp is out" order. The never-ending poker games to offset the monotony of the days. Washing our clothes on the fantail after dark and sometimes hauling them in on the ropes minus a few buttons. Seeing the phosphorescent water in the ship's wake in the moonlight was most beautiful, and a sight to be long remembered.

I remember Bombay. The dirty street urchins grabbing our hands shouting "baksheesh" and close behind them the Red Cross ladies shooing them off and advising us neophytes to not let them touch us. The cattle in the streets and in the doorways of shops. The ragged little boys trying to sell us a "genuine gold" ring or their "sister" at the same time. The pungent smell of the paper rupees tainted with either animal or human excrement.

I remember the train ride on a narrow gauge railway across India to Dinjan, Assam. Just about every curve held mute evidence of an American GI's quest for speed with the sight of a locomotive laying on its side. The hard, wooden seats. The constant spraying of mosquito repellent. The beggars at each station stop and how they fought over the C-ration cans we

threw out the window to them. And, crossing the Brahmaputra River at 2 a.m. by ferry is not the best way to see the country. The railroad coming to an abrupt end on the bank of the river and continuing on the other side with another train was a most strange experience.

The short stay in Dinjan brings memories of jackals sneaking through the tent at night. To see a pair of gleaming eyes in the darkness is rather unnerving to a city boy. Visits to Chabua and the American Restaurant for real bacon and eggs at 1 Rupee a plate were a real treat.

I remember Myitkyina. The shell-pocked Buddhas, the Chinese troops and their "Ding-How", the Bazaar near the river and especially the shapely, sloe-eyed Chinese girl who refused all attempts at "friendliness" by the GI's. (She later refused marriage to a Chinese-American in our outfit because he wanted to bring her to America. She would marry him only if he stayed in Burma!) I remember "The Bomb Crater" which was our weekly movie house and many a pleasant hour was spent watching Bogart, Grable, Hayworth, Allyson, Lupino, etc. One night's showing was interrupted by an air raid and one GI suffered a broken back when he fell sprawling across a fox hole and another GI dove into his back feet first. The projection booth was knocked down in the made scramble and 16mm. film was scattered all over Myitkyina.

I remember the plane ride from Myitkyina to Bhamo. Ours was the second plane off the ground and as we approached a pass in the mountains we could see two zeros attacking the first C-47. We circled back to base and were soon followed by the ill-fated plane. The co-pilot was killed; a Red Cross lady was wounded and one GI later died of wounds. A second attempt was made the following morning and was uneventful.

Bhamo. If there was ever a place on earth that God created and then forgot about, I would imagine this to be it. Approaching Bhamo by convoy, you saw shell craters, sand bagged fortifications and everything enshrouded in a pall of smoke from the burn-

ing buildings left behind by the retreating Japs.

The banks of the Irawaddy were strewn with bodies of dead Japanese and some Chinese. Before bulldozers could clear the area up, the stench of decaying flesh was almost unbearable.

One GI, who had a stronger stomach than I, was most proud of his collection of gold teeth he had pried out of the skulls of dead Japanese with his trench knife.

The heat, malaria, dysentery, monsoons, mud and leeches soon became commonplace to us and after two years we were seasoned to such.

British double-layer pyramidal tents made our life a little more pleasant as they were cool and dry. Some ingenious soul even rigged up a "two barrel" shower and if you could find a wog to fill the barrel for you, you were really living.

Then came the endless days of waiting after V-J Day for your rotation number and the long trip home.

Back to Dinjan by convoy. A dusty ride over the Burma Road and a torturous one for the vehicles. Several trucks were pushed over the side to careen down the mountainside and disappear in the dense jungle below. Broken axles, stripped transmissions and rock-punctured brake lines were the demise of many.

A short hop by plane from Dinjan to Dum Dum at Calcutta and finally we were unbelievably on board the U.S.S. General Bliss being guided down the Hooghly River channel to the open sea. We were 80 miles inland on the Hooghly River and it took 59 hours to clear the mouth of the river and gain the Bay of Bengal. There were 3,341 passengers on board and four Hindu cattle which were bedded down on the fantail. The cattle were to be dropped off at Guam and used for cross-breeding.

Our course took us through the Straits of Malacca to Singapore, our first stop. Seeing Corregidor brought memories of the infamous "death march".

Through the South China Sea to Manila and Guam. Then, 23 days later, San Francisco. A total distance by water of 9,426 miles.

All were in agreement that if they ever got off that ship and set foot

on good old Mother Earth, they would never again as much as get in a rowboat. Such are the plans of mice and men.

Coming in under the Golden Gate Bridge and docking was such a joyous occasion, I don't suppose anyone realized they had been marched through a warehouse and right up the gangplank onto another ship! It was a large excursion type ship which was to take us to Camp Stoneman for processing.

Camp Stoneman's main PX was a most popular place and I distinctly remember ordering three chocolate malts and downing them all at one sitting. Being denied fresh milk, ice cream, etc., for over two years does something to your taste buds.

The ticket that was given to us for a steak dinner with all the trimmings was a jealously guarded treasure and to see a movie inside a building with real seats was almost more than we could stand.

Three days later found us on buses and trains enroute to our mustering out stations and thence home.

Yes, the CBI was the "forgotten theater of war" and all who served endured hardships beyond human endurance at times, but somehow I feel that we who were there were "a breed all unto ourselves" and I am always proud to say I served in the CBI.

There is nothing that can erase from my memory the friendships made, the buddies who still correspond occasionally, and above all, the knowledge that you have done the job assigned to you, no matter how unpleasant, and have the deep satisfaction of having served your country in the mightiest war effort in history.

I seriously doubt if some of those who are now hiding out in foreign countries to avoid the draft would know the meaning of the last paragraph. For them, I have nothing but contempt. Or is it a feeling of being sorry for them? I really don't know. □

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One Man's War on Hunger

BY SADHAN BANERJEE

From The Statesman Weekly

A familiar afternoon sight in less affluent parts of Calcutta is a giant bearded Englishman doling out food from a green Salvation Army Land Rover to a long queue of hungry people, usually dressed in rags.

Clothed in his rather singular uniform of tattered singlet and trousers, the ensemble covered by a somewhat stained chef's apron, and sporting a plastic peak cap which once was white, the 6 ft. 4 in., 234 lb. Major Dudley John Gardiner is out on one more campaign in his relentless one-man war against our most dreaded enemy—hunger. The daily sortie ends only after about 4,000 people have been given their only square meal of the day.

This is a very different war from the numerous more conventional ones that Major Gardiner fought during his 34 years in the British Army; he saw service in England, India, Malaya, Singapore, Burma, Egypt, West Germany and Cyprus before retiring in 1956. "Now don't ask me if I've killed any men" he remarks with sharp asperity. "Of course I have. That's war."

War is more, prison camps included. And Major Gardiner had a taste of Japanese captivity as a prisoner of war in Burma in 1942-1945. It was there that he grew his beard. He had to. His chin was badly mutilated when his captors branded his POW number on it.

It is rather difficult to get the amiable Major (the rank is strictly military and not to be confused with Salvation Army honorifics) to talk of his earlier years. Born in Richmond, Surrey, he came out to India with his parents and again as an Army private in 1932. He fell in love with the country and its people and when he retired from the Army, he came back. "I had for 36 years made war, so I vowed that for the next 36 I'd do some good. I've completed 13." It seemed perfectly natural that he should choose India, his old love, as the field for his new mission.

He had no idea what this mission would be until he landed at the Salva-

tion Army Headquarters in Central Calcutta. He was given the job of running the Army's feeding programme which then covered 55 people. Since that day in 1958, Major Gardiner has worked every day from morning to night to provide food to the hungry and the downtrodden. Today the programme covers 3,854 people thanks to his dynamic, untiring and ceaseless effort.

The day begins early and by 9 a.m. the huge kitchen at the Salvation Army's Social Service Centre is a hive of activity. Potatoes are being cleaned ("we eat them with their skins—more nutrition"); bags of macaroni—donated by foreign charitable organizations—are being opened; bulgar—a synthetic grain of wheat malt and other nourishing substances—is being boiled in huge aluminum containers with high quality raisins—"highly nutritious"—to form the day's porridge—and pumpkins are cut up. The five huge gas burners hiss giant flames of blue, the 10-man team busily hums around. Gardiner cajoles, bullies and shouts at his men, all the while, moving about with remarkable agility despite his huge bulk and despite legs that are painfully swollen from filaria and varicose veins (a legacy of his Army puttees).

Meanwhile in an adjacent room, Miss Zerina Hussain, a plump and kindly Salvation Army social worker, interviews a long queue of people, mostly women, who want to benefit from the scheme. Each applicant is screened first here and later at home. Miss Hussain, having satisfied herself that the family needs help and is genuinely trying to better its circumstances, issues a card entitling the person to draw a certain number of meals every day for a fixed period—three, six or nine months, even a year sometimes. Cases are reviewed at the end of that period, and help is continued or discontinued as the situation demands.

In the queue when I visited the centre was Shanti Devi, a 25-year-old Hindu woman, short, thin, and emaciated, whose husband is a sweeper. She has five children—the youngest a 2½ month old girl. It's the powdered milk sup-

plied with the meals that she needs most.

Ashgari Begum is 25 too, and she is the mother of seven. Her white burkha frames a serene Madonna-like face, the long earrings tinkle as she turns her face away shyly when I ask about her husband. He is a cobbler, but he only makes the tops of shoes, she explains proudly. She too is a nursing mother and desperately needs milk and medicines which the Sahib will ask the "daktar" to prescribe. (Gardiner also has a dispensary attached to his unit, manned by a doctor and nurse.) Dolly Das is a robust 40-year-old Christian whose husband is an unemployed "barburchi". All her children but the youngest are married so her worries are comparatively few; she is confident of the Sahib's generosity.

The food is ready around noon. A new queue has formed outside. One by one they troop in, have their cards checked, walk up to the counter where stands the Major with a large mug in his hand, doling out curry, porridge and powdered milk. Some are served in aluminium thalis; they take the meal to the nearest row of tables, sit down and eat quietly. Some bring their own vessels and carry the food away to their homes. Soon all the tables are full of men and women, old and young solemnly engaged in the important business of eating. All of them look miserable and lonely. There is no lighthearted chatter. Food, glorious food, is too serious a matter for them. All too soon will pass this, their brightest hour. The warm feeling in the stomach grows cold and, finally, turns into that inevitable gnawing that they know so well. Some do not drink the milk. They take it away with them to help ease that dull pain of hunger in the night.

By half past one feeding time at the centre is over—and I am on the point of retching. I can still smell the misery around me. A hearty clap on the back from Gardiner ends my reverie and we sit down to eat. "We'll have a feast today in your honour" he tells photographer Abhijit and I. The menu is cauliflower curry and rice. I insist on having the pumpkin curry and the bulgar porridge. Surprisingly, both taste good. Not at all like the dole.

Gardiner is a fiend for tea and sits caressing his quaintly-shaped alumi-

num army mug as we talk. When I ask him his age he roars with mirth. "I'm 61 years young, a bachelor and still looking for the right girl". In a more serious vein we discuss his difficulties. Money is the first one. So far, he has received precious little help from Calcutta's affluent society; the programme is run mostly with help from abroad. Charity organizations in the U.K., USA, Canada and Australia are most kind. His main problem is that sponsors fade out after some time and it is difficult to find new ones. He wants people in India to help the programme. "You eat every day. Shouldn't they? Shouldn't each and every one?" he asks in indignation. The programme costs about Rs. 5.50 a day or about Rs. 2 lakhs a year.

The other obstacle is red tape. Getting the foodstuff sent from abroad released by the Government is always a headache. "I push and I push till I get things done, but it means that I have to keep at it every exasperating day".

All too soon the brief period of rest is over. We walk out into the courtyard where huge pans of porridge, curry and milk are being loaded into a dark green station wagon with the legend "Mukti Sena" printed in Bengali on the body. The second part of the day's campaign is on. We drive first to Crematorium Street. Here a drooping, drowsy cluster of people come to life as the van approaches and hastily form a queue behind it. The Major dips a saucepan into the porridge, pours out a generous helping to the first woman in the queue. Bent and broken, she looks well beyond a grey middle age. But she has five children and an unemployed husband. This is their only meal of the day. One by one the queue shuffles forward. The Major doles out porridge, curry and milk according to requirements. The queue ends. Then he walks into a hovel in the bustee nearby. It's a six by four room whose ceiling is barely five feet high. No windows. In this black hole lives 70-year-old whitehaired Miss Biswas, a bedridden invalid, who was once upon a time a school teacher. There is no one to look after her. So the Major not only feeds her, but also pays the rent for her hovel.

The van revs up again and we move on from Crematorium Street to Elliot

Road, Ripon Street, Taltola, Phulbag, Dr. Suresh Sarkar Road, Convent Lane, Kamardanga Street, Bechulal Road, Park Circus, Alipore, Hazra Road, Bondel Road, Kaustia, Topsia, Tiljala and back. (As it was vacation time, Gardiner did not visit two schools on his beat where also he feeds a lot of children.) The trip takes three hours.

It is the same story of misery and hope at all these stops. Hindu, Muslim, Christian, all unemployed or underemployed battling hard to cope with a harsh life with a little help from Dudley John Gardiner.

Forty-five year old, Srimohan Das, who lives in a bustee near Convent Lane says the Sahib is a god come to life. "Otherwise who in these days cares for people like me? I have a wife and two daughters to feed and can never get a steady job. I worked in a canteen for five years. Then it closed down. Since then I've been working as a labourer, but more often than not, I'm out of work. Thanks to the

Sahib, my wife and children don't have to starve".

But the turbulent street urchins of Kamardanga Road think and act differently. Deeply suspicious of Gardiner's motives and amused by his eccentric appearance, they jeer at him as, blissfully unconcerned, he goes about his work. "It's a daily routine with them. They are forever troubling me". He laughs as he affectionately ruffles a not-so-belligerent young scamp's hair. The atmosphere of hostility heightens as our photographer takes out his camera. "No photographs" we are sternly warned by an adolescent tough who is leader of the riotous gang, "or you won't be able to take the camera back with you". I try to reason with him but my pleas fall on deaf ears. As the glint in his eyes grows more steely I retreat muttering "Discretion . . ." etc.

As we leave, the Major waves to the mocking boys. For him it is another small hurdle to be crossed lightly in his mission to do some good. □

Prostitutes Vow to Form 'Bordello Brigade'

CALCUTTA—Prostitutes living in India's largest city are planning to hire special patrolmen to protect their customers in the red light district. More than 5,000 men used to visit the area each day, but crime in the streets has reduced the number to only a few hundred brave customers.

The women have protested to the police about the lack of protection and complained their rice bowls are empty, but Calcutta police are too busy protecting themselves from the pro-Chinese revolutionaries called Naxalites, and street gangs, to worry about escorting customers to their favorite establishment.

Madams have discovered that paying protection to local hoodlums is not the answer. Too many were taking protection money then mugging the customers they were supposed to protect.

Now the madams have met and have stated that if the government won't protect their interests, they will form their own "bordello brigade." They have even threatened to arm their protectors with knives, guns or home-

made bombs if necessary.

The brigade will be recruited from the toughest youths in the neighborhood, whose pay will also include "fringe benefits". However, the new protection will be reflected in the rising costs of the girl's favors.

Although there is a federal law in India protecting women from exploitation, prostitution flourishes in Calcutta and in most Indian cities because of the huge surplus of single men in the urban areas.

They are mostly married men from small villages who leave their families to work in the city and send money home. Some never return, but make yearly visits to their villages because there is no way to make a living in the rural areas. Meanwhile, living alone in cities, they become the best customers of the red light districts.

There has been no comment so far from the Calcutta authorities. They have enough problems with the influx of refugees from East Pakistan, who have added to the city's homeless population that sleeps on the streets at night. □

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

LAST CALL FOR . . .

WALKOUT

with Stilwell in Burma

By Frank Dorn

Published by
Thomas Y. Crowell Company

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Publishers' Weekly:



General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, left, just relieved of his command of the CBI Theater, saying goodbye to General Dorn, right, at Paoshan, China.

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When "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell was ordered to join Chiang Kai-Shek as chief of his Allied staff shortly after the outbreak of World War II, he took the author, then a lieutenant colonel, as his aide. At Stilwell's request, Dorn kept a daily journal of events. On this he has based his illuminating, intimate, often dramatic and sometimes humorous account of Stilwell's experiences in Chungking and Burma. In describing conditions in Chungking, Dorn paints an unflattering double portrait of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang and exposes the corruption and inefficiency which Stilwell had to combat, and which made his mission to rally the Chinese forces against the Japanese almost impossible. Most of Dorn's book is devoted to the long march through Burma to India made by Stilwell and his ragtag army of refugees, the Japanese Army at their heels. But what makes Dorn's book more than a mere lively companion-piece to Barbara Tuchman's current best-seller is Dorn's startling disclosure of an alleged aborted U.S. plot to assassinate Chiang Kai-Shek.

MEET ROOP LALL!

Father Welfle, who has written a number of articles for Ex-CBI Roundup, is a member of the faculty of St. Michael's High School, Digba Ghat P.O. (Bihar), Patna, India.

By **RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.**

By occupation Roop Lall is a cobbler. He works in leather, and that identifies him as a 'chamar'. A 'chamar' means that Roop is of a low caste in the Hindu social scale. He also has a shaggy head of grey hair and a bushy, scraggly beard that give him a rather unkempt appearance. But for all that, Roop Lall is also endowed with a keen natural sense of refinement and courtesy and kindness that makes him a real gentleman. As you have perhaps already guessed, Roop is my bosom friend.

Some years back, Roop was plying his trade in the Bata leather factory, making shoes. Then came labor trouble, so Roop decided to part company with Bata and start his own business. You should see Roop's shop. It's wonderful: just a ramshackle lean-to against a compound wall. It's about ten feet square, constructed of a few

rusty and leaky sheets of corrugated metal roofing, with walls of bamboo and palmleaf matting, and with plenty of holes to let in the weather. The floor is the bare earth. That's where Roop squats on a piece of burlap sack from morning till late at night, mending shoes and making a pair of new ones when he is lucky enough to get an order. I pass by Roop's shop frequently, and he always rises quickly from his squatting posture to stand erect and give me a big salaam.

Roop Lall has a fine son, who gives every promise of becoming another Roop. He has the extravagant but beautiful name of 'Bhagwanjee', which is one of the Hindi names for God. I first met Bhagwanjee some years ago when he came to deliver a pair of shoes that Roop had mended for me. He was a lad of twelve or thirteen at the time: just the right age to appreciate fully the candy that I gave him. Roop Lall never had the opportunity of acquiring much in the way of book learning, but he is determined that Bhagwanjee should get a good education. Bhagwanjee is now a senior in high school and doing well.

Recently Bhagwanjee came to me one evening all excited and in tears. When I got him calmed down, he gave me the startling news that his father had been arrested and was in jail. Roop had sent Bhagwanjee to solicit my help. He was booked for stealing.

Knowing Roop so well, I was sure there must be some mistake. Bhagwanjee explained what had happened. Roop sleeps in his little shop, which is right next door to a grain elevator and flour mill. Grain had disappeared from this mill, and police were secretly posted to catch the thief. One night Roop could not sleep because of the suffocating heat inside his stuffy shop, so he got up and came outside for a breath of fresh air. The next moment he was nabbed by the police and accused of being the thief who was robbing the flour mill. Roop protested and tried to explain how he happened to be up at that hour of the night, but the police hustled him off to jail.



ROOP LALL at work in his shop, repairing a shoe.



ROOP LALL looks up from his work to greet a customer.

It was purely a case of false suspicion. As an intimate friend of Roop I could testify to his innocence. He was released, but only after the police had given him a pretty bad time.

Recently I also had a bad time, and it was Roop who came to my rescue. Periodically I get flattened out with an attack of stomach trouble. I have found from years of experience that the best remedy for me is a certain fruit called 'bael'. But unfortunately this fruit is out of season and not available for three or four months of the year. Thus, a few weeks back when I could not get my sure-cure bael, I was laid low with one of my abdominal attacks. Roop came to see me. I mentioned that I would be all right if I could only get some bael fruit, but at this time of the year I knew that it was simply not available. Roop said: "Father, I will get bael for you." And sure enough, God bless him, Roop did. He brought me a supply of dehydrated bael. It had been sliced up when fresh, then dried in the sun. Now I simply soak it in water and it becomes almost like fresh bael. And thus Roop has solved the problem of my stomach attacks when bael is out of season.

Incidentally, let no one smile cynically at this home remedy. The medicinal properties of bael fruit have always been well known in India, and they are recognized by the medical profes-

sion, especially in the treatment of dysentery and cholera. In fact it was a doctor who recently gave me the welcome information that a powder made from dried bael is now available in drug stores as a general remedy for intestinal disorders. A few days ago I also learned that dried bael is even imported into England.

But let us get back to Roop Lall. Roop was called into service last week in the following way. At present the monsoon season is in session and the rains have been unusually abundant, with the result that the Ganges river is in spate. Our school is on the southern bank of the river, and the flood waters have come right up to the compound wall. Many animals have been flooded out. A baby elephant came drifting down the river and was captured just a short distance from the school. And the other morning when Brother Ignatius went to inspect the compound wall, he was surprised to find a deer swimming only a few yards away. It came to rest on a small patch of land that rose up a couple of feet above the backwater. Brother soon got his gun, and we got the deer. Then word went to Roop Lall to come and skin it. As a 'chamar', this was right in his line. He did a nice job, and for his labor he was given the hide. Roop was delighted. He said he could sell the hide to a tanner for forty rupees, and for Roop Lall forty rupees is a tidy sum of money. So Roop fervently hopes that the flood waters will drive down many more deer. And so do I. All the best for Roop Lall! □

Tell All Your
Friends About
Ex-CBI Roundup

It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

By Lt. Robert L. Rucker in JUNGLE JABBER, published in India during World War II by the Special Services Department, 12 Combat Cargo Squadron, for the 9th and 12 Squadrons.

On a mission one day from our old base in India, I arrived at my target and was informed by the tower that all was clear and for me to pan-cake in on the final approach with the wheels down and half flaps. Suddenly I was given the red light and told to circle around because an L-5 had just pulled out on the runway without looking, as usual.

The co-pilot immediately began to pull up the wheels, but being heavily loaded with 7,300 pounds of ammunition, we settled, skimming over tree-tops.

Banking to the left, we ran into a wind and rain squall which left us without sight of the runway or visibility ahead.

Now on instruments, we started to climb, hoping and praying that we wouldn't hit the 3,000 foot mountain, dead ahead. Up and up we went until we knew we were over the mountain, but the storm was still at its highest peak, keeping us on instruments.

We knew we couldn't go west for the mountains were 8,000 feet high in that direction. In the north was enemy held territory, so our only alternative was south down the valley. We flew south for five minutes, and the co-pilot, being a first pilot himself and with plenty of experience, said he knew where we were and to let down.

With the rain still pounding on the windshield and the visibility zero-zero, we let down until I finally caught a glimpse of what looked like a runway. We circled and circled, knowing it was impossible to go back up to our altitude to return to our base because of so many planes up there so we

looked this strip over, losing sight of it every time we passed overhead.

Finally, we decided it was big enough to land on, so I let the wheels down and full flaps—(hitting the first third of the runway, I put the brakes on to help slow it down just as we hit). I found out that it was a new strip covered with tar-paper and at least two inches of water, built for pea-shooters only. The brakes locked and down we went from side to side with both wheels sliding and the heavy load pushing behind.

The end of the runway started coming up and we were still going like a bat out of hell.

Sure enough, we rolled past the end of the runway and out into a rice paddy patch 300 yards through mud, waters and slop. So many thoughts came into my mind that I unconsciously pushed the right throttle forward and the engine roared up, swinging us to the left and in the opposite direction. Now realizing that we were still moving, my quick-thinking co-pilot pushed the left throttle forward and we finally got back on the runway. My motto in the future is "Always carry a tape measure." □

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Book Reviews



HITLER'S BATTLE FOR EUROPE. By John Strawn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. September 1971. \$7.95.

This study begins with an account of Hitler's last stand in his Berlin bunker, as the Russian armies closed in, and ends with a critical summary of Hitler's skills and deficiencies as a military commander. The book covers the various campaigns of his war for Europe, with most stress on the great land battles. It points out that Hitler himself lost his own war by failing to gamble on his entire strength on a direct knockout blow against England, and also by invading Russia's vast territories.

BURMA JACK. By Jack Girsham (with Lowell Thomas). W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York. September 1971. \$5.95.

This is the story of Jack Girsham, whose long career as game ranger has made him a prominent figure in his native Burma and the neighboring Indian province of Assam. Son of an English father and a Burmese mother, Girsham grew up in Burma, learned to shoot as a boy, bagged his first tiger at 16 and became in time an almost legendary hunter and guide. One of the most interesting portions of his random recollections is his account of his work as an overseer of elephants used in the teak forests by the company for which he once worked, the Bombay Burmah Trading Corporation. He also tells of the village elephant that rocked cradles, of tiger hunts and Burmese superstitions, and of his escape into India and his wartime guerilla activities after invading Japanese killed his wife and child.

THE TEMPLE TREE. By David Beaty. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. September 1971. \$5.95.

A novel set in the jungles of Ceylon, where a plane has undershot the runway and crashed close to a Hindu temple killing all 80 passengers. Was it pilot error? One man stands alone in

his suspicion of sabotage, and proceeds to uncover a series of strange facts.

IMPERIAL TRAGEDY. By Thomas M. Coffey. Pinnacle Books. September 1971. Paperback, \$1.95.

This is a detailed account of the two major periods of the war with Japan, written from the Japanese point of view. The first section tells of the 10 days starting with the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the second opens with the dropping of the atomic bomb on August 6, 1945, and closes with the Emperor's announcement of surrender on August 15.

MOUNTAINTOP KINGDOM: SIKKIM. Photographs by Alice S. Kandell and text by Charlotte Y. Salisbury. W. W. Norton & Co., New York. September 1971. \$20.00.

An attractive volume about the high Himalayan kingdom, nestled close to the majestic Khangchendzonga (28,168 feet), which is the strategic pathway to China. Pictures and text show the Sikkimese people in their daily lives, their royalty, the villages and the breathtaking mountain landscapes.

SHANGHAI JOURNAL. An Eyewitness Account of the Cultural Revolution. By Neale Hunter. Beacon Press. September 1971. Paperback, \$2.95.

An account of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, based on personal observations, official documents, leaflets and photographs, and talks with Red Guards. The author, an Australian, was a teacher of English at the Foreign Languages Institute in Shanghai from 1965 to 1967. Mr. Hunter is sympathetic with the Red Guards, but feels that their protests were directed against the wrong kind of dictatorship, not against party dictatorship per se.

CHINA AND RUSSIA: The "Great Game." By O. Edmund Clubb. Columbia University Press. September 1971. \$12.95.

A study of the Chinese-Russian relationship from the early years of the Manchu and Romanov dynasties in the mid-17th century to the present. The author served in the U.S. Foreign Service in Siberian and Chinese cities for some 20 years. Much of the book is devoted to recent clashes and disputes, including actual military confrontations in little-known border areas, that have marked Chinese-Russian relations under Stalin and Mao.



Commander's Message

by
Robert D. Thomas
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Dear CBI family:

It is my said duty to report the death of Mr. Ben Wooten, the recipient of the C.B.I.V.A. Americanism Award in Dallas last August. Mr. Wooten was a gracious gentleman, and we were honored to have met this distinguished citizen of Texas and great American.

The days are flying by, and the chill of winter is upon us here in Philadelphia.

As I sit cozily by the fireside, leaving the ice-skating and sledding to the other side of the "generation gap", I have time to reflect on the happenings of the past several months.

Early in November, Earl Harris, Junior Vice Commander East, Walter Phillips and I paid a visit to our friends of the Buffalo Basha. This was my first trip to Buffalo, but I found the CBIers there to be as they are everywhere—a warm and friendly group of people. Loris Durfee, Basha Commander, his lovely wife, and all the Basha members made our stay most enjoyable.

Stops in Scranton, Pa., and Binghamton, New York, to visit CBI friends completed our weekend.

November 11th found Carolyn, Walt Phillips and I winging our way to Milwaukee for the Fall National Board

Meeting. Many CBIers arrived on Thursday, in time to celebrate "our" Veterans Day with the Allied Veterans Council of Milwaukee. On Friday the Milwaukee Inn was resounding as more and more CBIers were greeting friends from across the country. Friday evening the Milwaukee Basha hosted a "bash", and the turnout of CBIers for the business sessions on Saturday was just great. Saturday evening found 81 CBIers and wives gathered for dinner together. It is most gratifying to all of us on the National Board for this year to have such splendid support and cooperation.

As the temperature continues to dip, my thoughts often turn to the plans for our annual reunion in Miami next August 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Al and Irma Frankel, Chuck and Jan Mitchell, and the other members of the reunion committee have returned from Miami Beach with plans for a fabulous time for all of us. The hotel they have chosen is really "the best", with activities to keep both the young and the young at heart happy from morn till night. There will be swimming galore—an indoor pool, and an outdoor pool, and the whole Atlantic ocean! For all of you who requested a resort vacation spot for our annual reunions, the Americana in Bal Harbour, Miami Beach, fills the bill 100%.

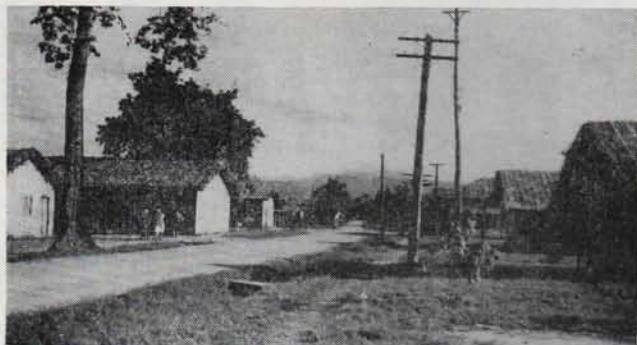
You will be receiving all the detailed information on the reunion and the registration forms within a month. Fill them in and mail them early. If you pre-register by June 1st, you'll not only have a chance to win \$50.00 as an early registrant, but you'll put smiles on the faces of the reunion committee members. It's the least you can do to thank them for all their work on our behalf.

In the meantime, I hope '72 is good to you.

Sincerely,
BOB THOMAS

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1972 Annual Reunion
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA
Veterans Association
August 2 to 5



BUILDINGS of the 20th General Hospital in Assam, India.
Photo by Nina Matthews Jacobs.

John C. Fyke, Jr.

● Another CBler, John C. Fyke, Jr., of Louisville, Ky., has answered the final call. It was my privilege to serve with John at Ledo and to continue our friendship through these many years. John, 55, died Jan. 6, 1971. He was final inspector for the Ford Motor Co., where he had worked for 24 years. Survivors include his wife, Lillian, and a sister. He entered the service from Shelbyville, Tenn., in October 1942 and served with the 327th QM Depot Supply Co. at Ledo, India, in 1945 and 1946.

ROBERT C. FRANK,
Hastings, Nebr.

899th Ordnance

● Served in India from January 1943 to January 1946. Would like to hear from guys who served with or knew of the 899th Ordnance. We were stationed near the Chabua air base, at a small rail siding called Naudwa Junction.

CUTHBERT OTTEN,
Delano, Minn.

Cactus Producer

● Didn't know about Ex-CBI Roundup until last week when I had a chat with a CBler, Col. F. Hyland, who is retired here in Tucson. He told me all about it and gave me your address. My rank overseas was staff sergeant; I was with the 3rd Air Depot Group and 82nd Air Depot

Group (SS Brazil). Good fortune has smiled on me since I left the service in 1945. We have one of the world's great cactus nurseries with customers in all the free countries of the world, plus a large cactus and native plant landscape business here in Southern Arizona. I will be happy to hear from any of my old buddies or people who like cactus and related plants.

HUGO C. JOHNSTON,
5740 S. 6th Ave.,
Tucson, Ariz.

Enjoys Every Word

● Am a longtime subscriber and an ex-CBI vet. I enjoy every word in the magazine.

CLARENCE N. THIES,
Avoca, Iowa

490th Bomb Squadron

● Have been with you from the beginning—can't stop now! Had two years in the CBI theater with the 490th Bomb Squadron (Burma Bridge Busters.)

JULIUS L. ROSENFELD,
Virginia Beach, Va.

Kept the Quality

● Still look forward to each issue of the Roundup and wish I could find a little time to do illustrating for you as I did a few years for Clarence Gordon . . . but along with my Art Director job and some freelance work on the side the days don't seem long enough. You have kept up the quality of the Roundup and I know this isn't easy with the rising cost of paper and labor.

HOWARD D. SCOTT,
Salina, Kans.



FORMER HEADHUNTERS, these Naga civilians are shown in their village of Kohima, Assam, India, shortly after the Japs had been moved out by Indian troops. Photo by J. C. Hebsacker.

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